Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
If you chooſe that, then I am yours withall.
Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me ſee,
I will ſuruay th'inſcriptions backe againe,
What ſayes this leaden Casket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath,
Muſt giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This Casket threatens men that hazard all,
Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
A golden minde ſtoopes not to ſhowes of droſſe,
Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.
What ſayes the ſiluer with her virgine hue?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
As much as he deſerues, pauſe there *Morocho*,
And weigh thy value with an eeuen hand,
If thou beeſt rated by thy eſtimation,
Thou doſt deſerue enough, and yet enough
May not extend ſo farre as to the Lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deſeruing,
Were but a weake diſabling of my ſelfe.
As much as I deſerue, why that's the Lady,
I do in birth deſerue her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then theſe, in loue I do deſerue.
What if I ſtraid no farther, but choſe here?
Let's ſee once more this saying grau'd in gold:
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what many men deſire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world deſires her.
From the foure corners of the earth they come
To kiſſe this ſhrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanion deſerts, and the vaſty wildes
Of wide *Arabia*, are as through-fares now
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
The watry Kingdome, whoſe ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To ſtop the forraine ſpirits, but they come

As

As ore a brooke to
One of theſe three co
Is't like that leade co
To thinke ſo baſe a't
To rib her ſere-cloth
Or ſhall I thinke in
Being ten times vnd
O ſinfull thought, ne
Was ſet in worſe the
A coyne that beares
Stampt in gold, but t
But heere an Angell
Lies all within. Deli
Heere do I chooſe, a
Por. There take it
Then I am yours.
Mor. O hell! wha
Within whoſe empty
Ile reade the writing

All that g
Often hau
Many a m
But my ou
Guilded ti
Had you b
Young in
Your anſw
Fare you

Mor. Cold indeed
Then farwell heate, a
Portia adiew, I haue t
To take a tedious lea
Por. A gentle ridd
Let all of his comple